THE PACIFIC

VOL. LXII SAN FRANCISCO AND BERKELEY, CAL. DECEMBER 4, 1912 No. 49

Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

REST IN FLIGHT.

The flying arrow knowing its path is made
Goes singing softly at the bow's behest,
Taking its destined journey unafraid—
In every moment of its flight at rest.

So speed, O soul, to your divine abode;
Go singing through the shadow and the light—
Go bravely on your high-appointed road,
At rest in every moment of your flight.

—Edwin Markham.

THE PACIFIC

Established 1851.

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast. Subscription price, $1.50 a year.

Published weekly by the Publishing Co. of The Pacific, at 447 Minna Street, San Francisco.

(The editor and manger is at 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, and prefers to have all letters so addressed.)

Entered as second-class matter January 5, 1909, at the Post Office at San Francisco, Cal., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

W. W. Ferrier - - - - - - - Editor

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley

AT SET OF SUN.

'If we sit down at set of sun
And count the things that we have done,
And, counting, find
One self-denying act, one word
That eased the heart of him who heard;
One glance most kind
That fell like sunshine when it went,
Then we can count that day well spent.
But if, through all the livelong day,
We've eased no heart by yea or nay;
If through it all
We've done no thing that we can trace
That brought the sunshine to a face;
No act, most small,
That helped some soul and nothing cost,
Then count that day as worse than lost."

THE BAPTIST BIBLE.

The new Baptist Bible doesn't turn out to be so objectionable as it at first seemed. The daily newspaper reports were not accurate as to the version. It is gratifying to learn that our Baptist brethren to whom the denomination entrusted this work of revision were not so extreme as to use the word "immerse" in place of "baptize," but have placed it in brackets after the word "baptize." That is quite enough of the extreme in an age when, with now and then an exception, the inclination is to lay little emphasis on non-essentials. To have gone further would have been inexcusable. But as it is we note with pleasure that already Baptists are showing indifference toward and lack of interest in the revision. The Boston Transcript says:

"Bible, missionary and other society officials, and foremost pastors, even the Baptist ones, refuse so far to discuss the new version, and so far as indications go show little interest in it. A few say it is an assertion of the extreme Baptist position on form of baptism, started long ago and coming to expression at a moment when unity is in the air. They intimate, but will not say that it is therefore discordant and out of its time. Others say it will go the way of similar revisions, of which there are many, and that there are far more pressing matters before the churches. Most, however, deny knowledge of it and refuse to talk."

It is interesting to note at this time that what is called the Bible Union version, published some years ago by the American Baptist Publication Society, was in two forms, in one the word "baptize" being used, in the other the word "immerse." To their credit, generally, it can be said, Baptist people preferred the one most like the Bible of wide acceptance all around the world.

In the reports sent out concerning this most recent version we have a graphic illustration of the ignorance of the average newspaper writer of the Bible. It was stated that the Lord's Prayer was materially modified, when in fact it was in conformity with the Revised Version of 1881, which has for several years had wide usage.

It was reported also that the whale had been eliminated from the book of Jonah. But the book of Jonah never in any version had mention of a whale; it was "a great fish"; and the Baptists haven't changed that. The Revised Version suggested in the margin the use of "sea monster" for the word 'whale" in Matthew according to the common English versions.

In the first chapters of Genesis this new Baptist version substitues for "Adam" the word "man", and for 'Eve" the word "woman." "Underworld" is used for 'hell." "Love" is used where "loveth" appears in other versions; and "lead for "leadeth."

In this version which the translators call the "Improved Edition," the first two verses of the first chapter of Genesis read as follows:

"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. And the earth was waste and void; and darkness was over the face of the abyss; and the spirit of God was brooding over the face of the waters."

In the Revised Version the reading is:

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was waste and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep; and the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."

In the King James, or "Authorized Version," the reading is:

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."

Among the Baptist scholars engaged in the work of translation and revision were: Professor Barnard C. Taylor of Crozier Theological Seminary, Professor J. R. Sampey of the Southern Baptist Seminary at Louisville, Professor Ira M. Price of the University of Chicago, and the late President Harper of the same university. Professor T. J. Conant's earlier work in the Pentateuch was used by Professor Taylor, the latter also revising the boks of Job, Joshua, Ruth, First and Second Samuel, and the Psalms and Proverbs. Professor Sampey's work was wholly in the Old Testament. President Harper worked on Isaiah and the minor prophets.

The move for revision began in 1883, and the actual work of revising went on for about two decades.

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

There was mention recently in the Brooklyn Daily Eagle of the Fathers' Day Service held last month in the Congregational Church at Campbell.

Los Angeles claims an increase of about 35 per cent in population, or 120,000, since the last federal census was taken. During the last three years the Congregationalists have organized only two new churches in the city. The last copy of the conference Bulletin says: "This is our response to the challenge of the city. There are residence sections of the city upwards of a mile square, without a church of any kind. These sections can not adequately be ministered to by churches at a distance. If they are to be reached, it must be by local churches. The goal should be 'A Community Church for Every Community.' A certain portion of these city communities falls to us to occupy. The duty is imperative. The opportunity is golden. Several such fields challenge us now." Los Angeles now has 20 Congregational churches. The youngest one was organized in August with 45 charter members.

A Pasadena man said recently to the Rev. Dr. Fox of the First Congregational Church: "The church is no help to me. I do not need the church, and the church does not need me." "If this be true," said Dr. Fox to his people, "We are keeping up an institution that is outgrown or superseded." Asking then the question, 'What does the church really contribute to the life of the community? Dr. Fox continued: "In the church Christian hymns are sung, Christian doctrines expounded, Christian duties enforced, Christian hopes nourished, people taught to pray for themselves and one another, the sense of God and brotherhood kept regnant in the community, old age is honored, youth is taught to revere the sanctities of life; and the Sabbath, the day of rest, the best friend of the laboring man, is upheld and defended. Now, take it all away. What would be the condition of the community, the city, the nation, if they were churchless? Society would become trifling, there would be no piety, no love of God and no love of man; and the best things in the life of the nation would perish."

It was a sad ending of a widely serviceable life when the Rev. Dr. George A. Gates died by his own hand at Winter Park, Florida, on the 19th of November. The president of Rollins College, who had written only a short time before of the inspiration and helpfulness of his life while with them in Winter Park for rest and recuperation, says in a letter: "As a result of serious injuries sustained in a railway wreck last winter, Dr. Gates was obliged recently to resign the presidency of Fisk University; it was believed that a period of entire rest would restore him to his usual health. Since the injuries were received he has had occasional periods of unconsciousness, accompanied by severe nervous and muscular convulsions, and followed by great depression of spirit and mental disturbance, what the physicians called a 'brain storm.' After his arrival in Winter Park he suffered a peculiarly severe attack of this nature, which resulted in the act that terminated his life." For several years Dr. Gates was president of Pomona College; previous to his service in California he was president of Grinnell College, Iowa, and for a short time pastor at Cheyenne, Wyoming. In each of these colleges he greatly endeared himself to the student body and exercised an exceptional influence as an educator. He was a large-hearted scholarly man,, and has left behind him the impress of a very helpful life.

The Rev. Dr. Fox, who is president of the Southern California Congregational Conference, says to the churches of that part of the state: "The thing that is being most talked about in Southern California is its future. We have reached the confident stage. But if this future is to be of the right quality, then the time has come for united action on the part of all the people in a common purpose. This fair strip of land must be cultivated for something more than citrus and deciduous fruits. Populous cities and fertile valleys are good, but true boys and girls and noble Christian men and women are better. We must make the Church, our Church, our Congregational Church, stand for more, not less. On its business side there must be the same high principles in the management of the affairs that govern a well-regulated bank. Moneys collected must be wisely expended and we must be sure that we are getting value received in every field. If we do this our strong men will become financially ambitious to be whole missionary societies and back with their money all of our enterprises." Dr. Fox ends his letter with these words from the Book of Revelation: "These sayings are faithful and true, and the Lord God of the Holy Prophets hath sent his angel to show unto his servants the things which must shortly be done." In the Bulletin of which Dr. Fox's words to the churches were a part we notice a financial statement of receipts for home missionary work up to November 1st which shows that only half of the apportionment for the year had been paid in. The shortage was $3098 more than it was at the same date last year, which meant that the churches had about $8000 to raise in November and December. The contributions during those months last year were about $5200.

UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE NOTES.

Prof. Van Tyne of the University of Michigan is writing a History of the American Revolution, the first volume of which will be published soon.

The New York City Yale Club is working to secure $500,000 for a building. Upwards of $300,000 has been pledged. The idea is to make a general Yale Club for Yale men from all sections of the country.

A large proportion of the graduates of Oberlin College enter teaching. President King's secretary, who is director of a bureau to aid graduates in securing appointments, suggests that greater emphasis be laid upon the Department of Education. He says: "It would seem reasonable that Oberlin College should make it possible for its graduates to meet the requirements in the majority of our States, when over half of its alumni enter teaching. This canot be fully done until some arrangement is made on the ground for practice teaching."

The Japan Society of America has announced the terms of a prize-essay contest, open to college students all over the country, on subjects dealing with the history and development of modern Japan. There will be separate prizes for the winner of each college, and Isaac Seligman has offered $100 for the successful Columbia contestant. Among the subjects which the Society suggests are "Japanese Diplomacy Since 1900," "Japan as a Colonizer, as Illus-

trated in Formosa and Korea," and "Reasons for the Growing Friendship Between Japan and the United States."

A Wellesley correspondent of the New York Times writes. Prof. Katharine Coman of the department of economics is receiving distinguished recognition for "The Economic Beginnings of the Far West." The book was written as the result of four years' travel and study in the west of the United States, and is one of the most important fruits of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, with whose aid Prof. Coman worked. The book is appropriately dedicated to the Trustees of Wellesley, who granted the author leave of absence to pursue the research, and to the Carnegie Foundation. The book has been reviewed favorably by newspapers from Texas to Oregon. Wellesley is proud of so notable an achievement by one of its most noted members.

Pursuant to an act of the Legislature, a preliminary investigation of the route traveled by the Lincoln family in removing from Indiana to Illinois in 1830 has been finished by Charles M. Thompson, assistant in history at the University of Illinois. So far as Mr. Thompson was able to determine, the Lincolns crossed the Wabash River at Vincennes, Indiana, and traveled on the Vincennes-St. Louis stage road to Lawrenceville, where they turned northward, passing through Palestine, York, and Darwin to Paris. From Paris they appear to have followed the stage road through Charleston to Shelbyville, whence they journeyed to Decatur. The trustees of the State historical library have this matter in charge, and hope that in a short time the route, which has been called "The Lincoln Way," will be determined and indicated with markers.

President Butler of Columbia University is endeavoring to secure an increase of $1,500,000 in the endowment fund so that there may be established a scholarship for each state in the Union. The scholarship would provide for tuition and a room in one of the dormitories, meaning about $300 a year. Under the plan each state would have four scholarship students in the college, or 192 students in all, the scholarships to be competitive. Dr. Butler suggests that, while the competition should be open to all, preference might be made, all other things being equal, to sons of alumni of the college. The total cost with all States represented would be $57,000, a sum which would require nearly $1,500,000 to yield at 4 per cent. The idea of Dr. Butler's plan is to develop the national character of the college and to improve the general standard of the student body.

Tuskegee Institute now has regular classes for the practical training of teachers for Sunday schools. Dr. M. C. Lyman of the International Sunday School Association and superintendent of the work among negroes, was recently there for nearly a week getting the classes organized. This work of improving the colored Sunday schools is part of a large work that has been undertaken by the co-operation of religious organizations, North and South, in an effort to improve the colored people through the medium of their churches. The Tuskegee Bible Training School, which was established for the purpose of training negro preachers for the rural districts, will serve as a medium through which the work of improving the religious life of the negro people may be carried among the farming population which constitute 80 per cent. of the colored people of the South.

The demand for young negro men and women who are able to perform some kind of skilled laobr is steadily increasing. Recently S. S. Knight, Vice-President and General Manager of the Scullin-Gallagher Iron and Steel Company of St. Louis, visited Tuskegee for the purpose of finding out if this institution could furnish any considerable number of young men to work in the shops of the company. On his return he wrote to Principal Washington, offering to pay the expenses of some member of the school's Faculty who would go to St. Louis and report on the opportunities existing there for negro mechanics. As a result of this visit, the institution is now making active efforts to supply, from among active students and graduates, young men who are fitted to take advantage of the opportunities that this large concern offers.

The Faculty of Letters of the University of Paris, which has been generally considered one of the finest in the world, is, according to one of its leading professors, in a moribund condition. The man who thus denounces the head and crown of the educational system of France is Ferdinand Lot, vice-director of the School of Historical Studies. Two-thirds of the persons registered by the Faculty are not real students; two-thirds of those who are real stuednts do not frequent the Faculty; and those who actually follow the lectures do not study seriously. Prof. Lot says: "Everything must be reorganized from top to bottom if the Faculty is to be saved from almost immediate scientific ruin." In support of his statements the writer states that the total of 3,310 students, given by the latest count, is very misleading. From these must be deducted 500 to 600 candidates for the certificate of French studies, which is for foreigners only, and forms no part of the higher educational system, and over 1,100 "free workers," who attend whatever courses or lectures suit them and are generally without any preparation. The official figures of the candidates' competitions and examinations must also be rectified, says Prof. Lot, who figures that the number of genuine students in the last period for which statistics were available was only 946—half the number at the University of Berlin—of these, he declares, only a fraction ever set foot in the Faculty. He says further: "Visit the halls of the courses reserved for students, and you will find them almost empty. Enter the lecture halls, and you will find only a small knot of students, huddled together in a corner. Absenteeism is carried on here to an unheard-of extent. Most of the candidates for examinations form themselves into small groups, who pool their notes and study at home to such a purpose that with perhaps sixty of these at work, none of the courses will have more than half a dozen, sometimes only one or two auditors." The cause of France's present bankruptcy of higher education is, says Prof. Lot, the bad organization of studies. Prof. Lot's criticisms are severly analyzed by his colleagues on the Faculty, but without much modifying their original effect.

A CREED.

"There is a destiny that makes us brothers:
None goes his way alone:
All that we send into the lives of others
Comes back into our own.

"I care not what his temples or his creeds,
One thing holds firm and fast—
That into his fateful heap of days and deeds
The soul of man is cast."

A MODERN PROPHET AND PROGRESSIVE LEADER.

Sydney Strong of Seattle Concerning Washington Gladden.

God has his prophets today as much as ever. Washington Gladden, has been one of these prophets—"God's Spokesman"—for fifty years. That is, during his ministry at North Adams, Springfield, Mass.; New York and Columbus, he has foreseen the road that ought to be traveled and has fearlessly urged his fellowmen to travel it. Few men have contributed more to the social and religious progress of the nation than Washington Gladden.

About twenty-five years ago, I labored for ten years at Mount Vernon and Cincinnati and as he has been at Columbus for thirty years, I have had full opportunity to know him. My friendship for him, however, does not lead me to speak of him: Rather because I esteem him to be one of the finest living representatives of the religious progress made in America during the past fifty years. Further the social and religious message he is delivering today will be universal throughout America twenty-five years from today.

He began his ministry when the Civil War burst upon the nation. His college training wsa at Williams, where he came under Mark Hopkins' influence—one of America's greatest college presidents. He began to preach when, in North and South, the Bible was used in pulpits to prove that obolition of slavery was the same as infidelity. It was a difficult time for seeing the truth.

The young minister began to rebel against many of the current theological notions. That men should be judged and doomed before they were born! that men should be held blameworthy and punishable for what was done by their ancestors; that justice could be secured by the punishment of one for the sin of another, were to him unthinkable propositions. He frankly said so. He thus became a champion of sane thinking early in his ministry. Scores of times he has stood by young men who were passing through the ordeal of ordination and cheered them by his friendship.

Take the question of amusements in religious circles. The Y. M. C. A. was to be established at North Adams. Should the young men be permitted to play chess and checkers? Of course, billiards and pool were out of the question. The young minister stood for chess and checkers, but was outvoted! He was charged with not having piety. A storm of protest burst upon him when he proceeded to deliver a sermon on "Amusements." He was told that such a man ought not to remain in the ministry. Yet today the Christian associations throughout the country are abundantly supplied with amusements that were once dubbed the "devil's devices!"

Take the problem of the Bible. Thirty years ago, practically every minister in the United States believed in the absolute inerrancy of the Bible. Many of them even questioned the wisdom of having a revision. It would "shake the faith of the people." Dr. Gladden himself, relates how in 1875 in company with a score of intelligent Congregational ministers, the question arose whether it would be judicious to tell their congregations that First John, 5:7—a verse not found in the Revised Version—was an interpolation; and not one of the twenty agreed with him in thinking that the fact could be safely stated.

This was the state of mind of the churches of America. The King James Bible should be accepted from cover to cover. If not, the faith of the people would be disturbed. The infallibility of the Bible seemed to them the foundation of religion—if that were gone, nothing would be secure. On the other hand, thousands of the young men and women, trained in school and college, were rejecting the Bible because they could not accept it on the terms proposed.

Dr. Gladden faced the situation early in his ministry in Columbus. He delivered a course of Sunday evening sermons on "Who Wrote the Bible?" He told me about it while he was in the midst of it, "I have grave doubts whether it will not end my ministry," he said. "Scores of young men are telling me that they cannot take the Bible as inerrant, since it is plainly not. At last I faced the duty that to evade would be cowardice. I know it is a dangerous venture. I have asked my auditors to suspend judgment until I have finished."

In the anti-Catholic outbreaks, just twenty years ago, among the ultra-Protestant Dr. Gladden showed his wisdom, bravery and fairness. The nation had a serious case of "measles" of religious bigotry. Since there are symptoms of the return of this disease in our city, let me describe the situation in 1893. Several secret orders that were hostile to Romanism sprang into existence. The movement began with the dissemination of literature of the most surprising character. "Instructions to the Catholic," purporting to have been issued by the Pope and countersigned by Cardinal Gibbons, were distributed by hand by hundreds of men who believed them to be true. "The Instructions" declared that Catholics must secure control of all the cities, railways, mines, factories—above all, the press—in order to crowd out the heretics. Catholics were not to stop at anything to accomplish this end.

"An epidemic of unreason and bigotry,' Dr. Gladden says, "raged in free and enlightened America." As the madness spread, the Roman Catholics were reported as importing arms in coffins, and were drilling nightly in the basements of their churches—this was confidently affirmed of churches—that had no basements. One Protestant minister of Columbus announced that he had bought a rifle to defend his home. A forged letter from the Pope released all Catholics from allegiance to the United States government and gave specific orders that "on or about the feast of Loyala, in the year of our Lord 1893, it will be the duty of the faithful to exterminate all heretics."

When this mischievous and groundless crusade of bigotry began to gather strength, Dr. Gladden bore testimony against it. In a sermon, he proved the fraudulent character of the documents and showed how radically at war the movement was to truth, to justice, to honor, to fair play and every dictate of Christian morality. He said that the Catholics had done nothing to excite antipathy, that on the contrary they had sought friendly relations with their Protestant neighbors, that while the fury was in the air their behavior had been admirable.

That sermon brought down on Dr. Gladden the denunciation of the anti-Catholic Crusaders. A call to the presidency of a great state university was withdrawn. He experienced the costly luxury of free speech. One Columbus minister stated that Dr. Gladden had received $1,000 for the sermon and gave minutely the conversation held between Dr. Gladden and Bishop Watterson!

His fifty years ministry would make a splendid interpretation of our industrial progress. He has always been one of the working man's most valiant champions. No minister has done more to interpret the position of labor

to the churches, nor to tell employers plainly that not to run their business on the principles of the Golden Rule meant ruin.

Dr. Gladden, as much perhaps as any living man, is an exponent of the best social and religious life of our country during the past fifty years. He has been not only a thinker, but a champion of the truth.

THE INDIAN SITUATION IN CALIFORNIA.

In 1894 the California Indian Association was founded as a branch of the National Indian Association, and is interdominational, co-operating with all the evangelical or-

Daisy and little Lena as they were when the missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Collett, first went to the Indian rancheria near Colusa. Daisy would not speak nor look towards the camera.

ganizations. Its aim is to help our native race in reaching Christian faith, education and self-support. As a result of its untiring efforts in investigating the conditions of the Indian people and in bombarding the Government with letters and with personal appeals through those in touch with the office of Indian affairs, Mr. C. E. Kelsey, the general secretary of the Association was finally summoned to Washington, D. C. Here he found in government pigeon holes eighteen unkept treaties that had been made in good faith with Indians of California. This further resulted in Mr. Kelsey's receiving an apointment as special government Agent of land, and in the appropriation of more than one hundred and fifty thousand dollars with which to make purchases. By this means, during the last eight years, under Mr. Kelsey's administration, from one to five acres have been given to families in band allotments where there can be a relief from eviction and a stimulus for individual life and home making. During this time land has been purchased for nearly fifteen thousand Indians, who, eight years ago were homeless and without state or federal protection. As one poor old Indian said "fifty two years white men make promises, no keep them, hope all gone;" and another: "go build me home nine different times for my wife, family; nine times white man say you move back further in mountains," such experiences as these have been

Daisy and Lena about six months after the missionaries came. Under love, and the power of the Gospel she had become a Christian, and had gone through the first reader.

enacted again and again. Another Indian when asked if he knew Jesus, replied, "Me hear white man say 'By Jesus,' me say 'by Jesus' too."

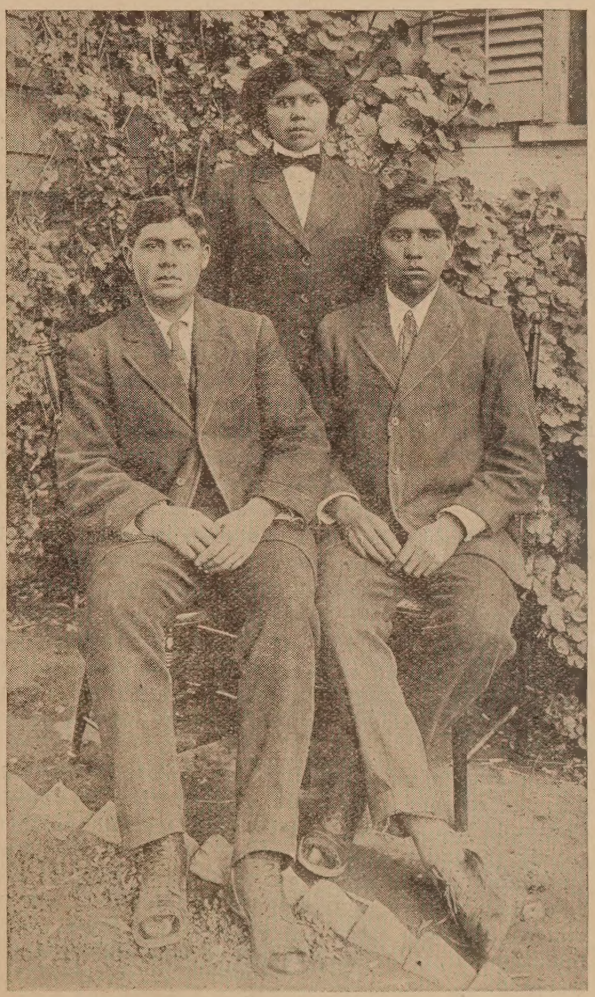
We have not only to regret the extinction of nearly two

hundred thousand Indians who have died in California during the last seventy years, a decrease due largely to white aggression and crime; we have not only to deplore the fact that in 1849 these helpless people literally caught up and overwhelmed in a great tidal wave of influxing gold-seeking settlers, were left unprotected so that not until the close of this year will they have received land for homes, but we

Little Lena as she looked when Daisy held her up before the thousands at the International Sunday School Association in San Francisco while the people subscribed one thousand dollars and made her a life member of that Association to be the world-wide representative of her people.

are also confronted with the fact that if there is not something done of a more permanent value for the remaining 19,000 Indians within the confines of this state, where already so many race problems are confronting us they will again suffer great injustice, while the foreign immigration is being cared for on every side. The past wrongs can never be righted; our attention must now be turned toward the 10,000 pagan Indians, many of whom are living within the sound of a clear-toned church bell (the church built on the very land that they themselves once owned) who have never had a glimpse of the glory of the gospel that lightens the Christian home, who have not the faintest gleam of soul inspiration, not even a distant vision of heaven's joy to banish their sorrow and fear. Growing up in the darkness, they grope on through life, even down to the grave, ever burdened with the condemnation of sin, without a Christ or a Savior.

There is a vital point of contact with the Indian problem at the present time--this is in the securing of school privileges for the Indian children. There are 3800 of these children of school age in California, who are growing up without an opportunity even to learn to read or write. Fully 1500 are absolutely barred out from the public schools by race prejudice. The government no longer believes it wise to establish the kind of schools it has been supporting for years, but "the office of Indian affairs is willing to pay a per capita tuition equal to that amount appropriated by the State or County per pupil for all Indian pupils enrolled in the public schools whose parents are not



These Indian young people, Joseph, Andy and Lizzie Mitchell, were refused entrance to a local public school as children. Later, after attending school elsewhere they returned and sing in a public service, arousing much surprise at their rapid development and shame and confusion because of former prejudice and denial.

taxpayers." In other words the office will pay twenty seven dollars per capita for Indian children per year based on the average daily attendance system. The school problem must be solved by the state and county. The Indians are without denial provided for in the state statutes: "The Day Elementary Schools of each school district of California shall be open for admission of all children between 6 and 21 years of age, residing in the district." For a district school, the State and County pays annually from five hundred fifty to six hundred and fifty dollars based on the average daily attendance. We propose to prepare as many petitions for district schools as possible, to be presented to the supervisors of various counties at the earliest meetings and to follow these propositions until they shall be granted, urging either the admission of Indian children to the white schools, or the establishment of separate schools, or the formation of a school district, as shall seem wise. This school law having been put to the test in the case of the Japanese of San Francisco, whose cuase was so nobly and successfully espoused by David Starr Jordan and Theodore Roosevelt and others, cannot fail in prosecution.

As a personal test, after a long hard battle, with opposition in the very face of the law itself, we have been able to secure a district school for the Indians of Colusa county; this of course comes under the state and county provisions, and is a first example towards the solving of the Indian problem of this state. By putting Christian teachers at the various rancherias we shall have placed the Indian people within the Christian atmosphere continually, and while such selection of teachers is carefully restricted to those having the true missionary spirit, much supervision of a spiritual character can be assured out of school hours, often supplemented by actual missionary labor supplied by interested churches, who can **help** bear the burden which they might not be able to carry entirely. The selection of teachers can be in almost all instances controlled by those espousing the Indian cause.

Again, by establishment of the local school, the Indian home life may be kept intact, and parent and child obtain together the growth and development which shall bring them nearer instead of causing the deplorable separation which so often results from the education of the child away from an environment with which it can find no point of contact.

It is safe to say that there are from one hundred to one hundred and twenty five opportunities for schools—that is, in this number of places there are children enough for the formation of a new school. If these schools were established we would be entitled to from $800 to $1000 from the combined sources of the County, State and Government for each school, or $80,000 to $125,000 for the Indians uplift, if the one hundred or more schools were established.

The problem thus resolves itself into an entirely simple and practicable one. **There are funds provided** but **unavailable** without a certain amount of what we might call campaign work among the county supervisors and the general public in school districts in the creation of favorable sentiment, as well as that of the visitation of Indian rancherias for investigation and signatures and the preparing of petitions and their presentation, with all the details which this involves in different sections. For this campaign work there must be a **ready fund** for **salary** and **expenses** of **workers.** We are looking, then, to the County, State, and Government for the final solution of the school problem, to the churches for assistance with missionary helpers, and to interested individuals and churches for the establishment of this campaign fund, without which the other sources cannot be made available.

Any donation from one dollar up will be gratefully received, and can be sent to any of the following addresses: Mrs. A. S. Bacon, Treasurer, 174 South Whitney St., San Jose, Calif; Rev. George Hinman, 976 Oxford St., Berkeley, or to Field Superintendents, Rev. F. G. or Mrs. Beryl Bishop Collett, Mount Hermon, Calif.

INDIAN BOY AND GIRL LETTERS TO SANTA CLAUS.

Boys and girls among the Modoc Indians near Likely, California, among whom the Rev. O. L. Corbin is working, wrote recently some letters to Santa Claus. They are given here as written:

Likely Calif Nov 22 1912

My Dear Santa Claus

I wrot letter to you last year you didn't send me some present last year and you send me some present this time you send me some top and drum and finger ring and you send me pretty little Knife and you send me breast pin

George Waller

Likely Calif November 22 1912

My Dear Santa Claus

I will recieve a letter to you this afternoon. I wrote to you last year. I told you, to send me the thing what I want for christmas present, I didn't get much of what I sent for and I hope you would do better this time.

And please send me, some candy and a nice picture book, and knife. and this is all I write to you from Likely Calif Indian school boy. Goodby From

Mr. Anderson Bayley

Likely California November 22, 1912.

My dear Santa Claus

Well dear Santa Claus will you please send me some candy and knife and gold ring and send me three pounds of dry plums.

Lester Riggs.

Likely Calif. Nov. 18.

dear Miss Santa Claus.

last year I was to little I wish you bring me a doll with black hair and ribbon for my hair purple; place bring me a bag of candy, I wish bring me presne, fine place bring

Clara Williams.

Likely Calif Nov 22 1912.

My Dear Santa Claus.

I wrote to you last year some christmas preasants. to send me and I wrote to you same thing what I want. I like to have ribbon and side comb and fingers rnig and candy and picture books. And this is all for mine. dear Santa Claus.

My Dear Santa Claus. Likely Calif

From Effie Waller.

Likely Calif, Nov, 22, 1912.

Santa Claus,

I wrote to you last year, and told you to send me some toys, And I am going to ask again. I hope you will do more better this years, Please send me a nice horn that I can blow on, and a fiddle and a bag of candys and nuts, finger ring and accordain that will make me happy, and

I want a pair of skates. I think you will be busy make some toys,

So good-bye from your friend **Henry Fox.**

Likely Cal Nov 22 1912

Dear Santa Clous.

I am going to write to you this afternoon. I wish you would send me black ribbon. This year I am getting along very fine. All the girls and boys are writing letters to you this afternoon. The teacher told us to write to you. This is all for this time.

From you old Friend **Katie Bailey.**

Likely Calif. Nov. 18 1912

My dear Sant claus.

I wrote you last year and told you What to send me a doll with black hair I want ribbon for my hair I want purple ribbons. I want black shoe. I want a red ribbone. I want gould ring. I want brosepine. good buy

Electra Fox.

Likely, California, November 22, 1912.

Dear Santa Claus

I drop you a few lines to you nows I wrote you letter last year for something about Christmas. I dident got what I want last year. I think you do better this year if you send me what I want. I will be very sorry If you get well Dear Santa Claus. I am getting along fine here in school. You send me a Ring and dolls and breastpin. I like green ribbon and candy.

Please send me some red stockings. Please send me fasinater That is all I can say now goodby

from **Cordelia Riggs.**

Likely Cal Nov. 22 1912.

Dear Santa Clous.

I wrote to you last year and I told you bring me a present. If you has some thing you must send me a present this time. I don't want much. I wount six thing candy and top and blowhorn and train, some thing that I do not know. I want little shoot gun and draw pencile. If you think that is too much dont try to send everything that I want. This is all for you mr santa claus. My name is Dave Pedie. I wounder where you stay now.

DIVINE DEMOCRACY THE SPIRITUAL IDEAL OF A POLITICAL PARTY.

Rev. Wilfred Withington.

The theme is based on the beatitude of Jesus—"Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."

Negative purity is innocent and untouched. Positive purity is virile and social. The conception of "government" as mere law belongs to the Old Testament and Rome. The government of God, which Jesus came proclaiming, found it's authority in the attractiveness of and rewards of it's ethical ideals. The ideal and reward of purity as an element in the control and development of society is my theme.

The ideal of the passive type of purity is "nirvana." To such people the one heresy in the pulpit or anywhere else is to have their nerves jarred. The positive type of purity feels the reviving power of new ideas that surge within his mind with such power that he is not only renewed when the youth are weary but he mounts up like an eagle, says Isaiah, and sees God, says Jesus. These are the ones who take the Kingdom of God by violence. They crash through the frail walls of custom and tradition because they see the eternal mansions of the ideal. The point to note is that this type up to date, aye the ones to do "take the Kingdom of God by force." Which being interpreted might be "have the nerve to compel the realization of their ideals."

The social climax of purity is that goodness of Him who alone is good. The impartiality of him who sends the rain on the evil and the good. This principle is plain in politics. Corruption has not been from the individual life or family life of politicians. The stench of politics is caused by the special interest of boss, corporation, and party press. The salvation of politics is in the higher impartiality which views every problem from the standpoint of the whole and not from the bias of any over interested party. Woodrow Wilson has admirably developed this point in a recent article on the "New Meaning of Government." The practical side of it for us is that in every phase of society corruption follows selfishness, Heaven and happiness are only possible when we gage every action from the standpoint of the least of those who in any way manifest a kinship to the King. The goal of history and the ideal of the soul in the sense of the whole in every heart.

The best that Mr. Wilson looks forward to in the development of government is the creation of the most favorable **conditions** of success. He does well to stop there. Some do not.

There is a limit to what conditions can do for men. His picture of a government sensitive to every human interest would indeed be "an effervescent dream" without a "new conscience." Democracy can never be a divine instrument in the life of men, **together,** until it demands a minimum of character as more important than a minimum wage, if the two must be set against each other for the moment. The dream of democracy is freedom for every individual. Is it freedom to turn lose in a community a lustful negro minus all moral training waiting for whom he may waylay? The Old Testament thunders—"Thou shalt not." Rome measures out law. Democracy's spiritual ideal is freedom for all, even the least. There is but one outlet—the elevation of the soul. Thomas Jefferson despaired of the negro. Our American Missionary Association has demonstrated for forty years what the great champion of democracy left out of his calculations. Statesmen of today must see these things. You and I must see that the judgments which come upon society as a whole have their genesis in neglected spiritual generation, education and inspiration of individuals. A new meaning of government must be supplemented with a new mission for the church. The sensitiveness and effectiveness of government depends on citizens of impartial judgment and educated conscience. A government sensitive to every quarter; based on a purified and sensitized citizenship will increase usefulness and happiness of men to a heavenly state. But can we fulfill the conditions?

Men of purest motives and intelligent minds still meet such apathy and such disintegrated interests, that the involuntarily sickening question often rises—"When the Son of Man comes will he find faith on earth?" What force can rise sufficient to dispense ignorance as the sun, the night, what force will rouse the indifference of the self-centered, what force will cleanse and lift the heavy tastes of the multitude, what force can warm and fuse the Phari-

saic anarchy of Protestantism? for we all know that our ideal awaits the unanimous participation of men. This point I shall try to develop in the discussion of Socialism and Adventism, but meanwhile I must bring out the most valuable idea in our text, as yet untouched.

This idea grew out of Jesus' activities in duty. It is an idea which does not reveal itself except to those who are doing what they can with their motives pure and their eyes open. It is a remarkable experience with an unlimited lure in its slowly emerging reality. "The pure in heart shall see God." Amid the very difficulties which seemed inextricable we see a sense of order working of itself, inviting us to co-operate and persist with it toward a divine solution. Within the very obstacles that seemed insurmountable there appears a dissolving substance that works for us. In the darkness my mind peers in vain to penetrate. I meet a light half way. When I would sink some power draws me on, not of myself. There are no words to definitely describe this thing. It may be the things the socialist calls the laws of society, continually discriminating, checking, determining, social development. It may be discovered at a hundred turns and elude me always when I slip my share, when I seek it for it's own sake, when my interests are biased or my heart unhealthy. Though I cannot see it's features clearly, nor trace it's pathway plainly still I believe the testimony of him who testified of what he saw and spoke of what he knew—"Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God.'" And if we see him we shall not only be satisfied we shall be like Him. And if we are like him we shall turn again to this old world and love it, and live in it, and work in it till it is saved.

MORE ANCIENT HISTORY.

J. Rowell.

Gold versus Humanity.

The love of money is a root of all evil, as Paul says. That it may pall or kill human feeling, I had proof in many experiences In Panama. That it is a stronger force than parental, filial, or marital love, I had abundant proof. Of course, this fact did not appear in all cases, when the trial came, but in very many it did.

Two brothers started for California, and at Panama one, broken by hardships of the transit, was prostrated by fever. The other, making no provision whatever for nursing or medical aid, went aboard the waiting steamer and left his brother to die alone, among strangers.

At the hotel where I lived for three months the bed maker found a dead baby under the bed clothes. Its mother had overlaid it in the night, and in the morning had gone aboard the the steamer, saying nothing to any one about the dead child. "Can a mother forget her suckling child?" Yes, she may. In this case, however, there was large excuse for this mother's strange act, for should she stay to bury her dead baby, she would lose her passage on the steamer, with no certainty of securing passage on the next and, very probably, the delay would cost her own life, while her husband in California would miss both wife and child. Probably her seemingly heartless act cost her unspeakable anguish, but she dared not make known the tragedy, fearing that so doing would prevent her leaving by the steamer. In the circumstances, she was, perhaps, justifiable in doing as she did.

Another case occurred for which the like excuse could not be made. Two young men, not relatives, had grown up together in a town in the state of New York, who loved each other as brothers might. They played together, attended the same school, and when they grew up went into business together. They trusted each other so fully that they kept no separate account, each using their common funds at his pleasure. Had they been brothers they could not have been more closely united. But at Panama one was taken down with fever, and it seemed that he must die. Of course, as neither of them had wife or child to claim special care, the other watched by his friend till death ensued, and then saw the body decently buried. He did no such thing. He stole his friend's money from under his pillow, and went aboard the steamer, quietly, without making any provision whatever for nursing or burial. The lure of California gold was stronger than life-long love.

Our life in Panama was a continual experience of this soul-deadening power of gold. We were nearly all the time helping those whose improvidence got them into trouble. Yet they never remembered to reply or thank us for it. Here is an instance. A man doing business on Kearny St. in San Francisco sent to his wife in Mass. a passage ticket, with seventy dollars for incidental expenses on the way—a wise precaution. Her friends said, "Seventy dollars! You have your ticket; you cannot need this money. Put it in the savings bank," which she did. We were traveling with her and supplied her with money for a host of needs, took her to our house in Panama, and cared for her till she went on the steamer. Yet neither she nor her husband (in business here) ever sent us a cent for our expenditure, or a word of thanks for our care and trouble. We were not surprised at this—we had got used to this phase of human nature.

Gold! gold! What a tremendous force is in this yellow demon! A laborer discovered a few grains of free gold in a sluice way, near Sacramento, and the cry went around the world, "There is much gold in California." A great excitement followed. All over the United States and Europe and in far off Asia awoke a great hunger for California gold. Young men and old, everywhere, began to plan for getting to California by fair means or foul. The cost of the journey was large but they begged, borrowed or stole to get it, and soon all possible means of transportation were crowded. No pain or toil or sacrifice seemed too great to endure, if once they might set foot in the land of gold. Thousands of peaceful homes were broken up, never to be re-united. Husbands left their wives, and fathers their children, never to see them again. Few knew how or cared to learn how to make due provision for the long and peril-fraught journey, and consequently thousands of these adventures were broken in health, and did not long survive in the golden state, and hundreds left their bodies in the oceans that must be crossed, or scattered in unburied condition on the inhospitable Isthmus, while letters from forsaken friends, pleading for information, cumbered the postoffices here. Gold! gold! Anything and everything for gold! And how few of the multitude of seekers ever gained their desired boon, and returned to bless their old

homes? And the old, old story is ever new. Still, as ever of old, gold lures and ruins. Today "fames auri" rules the world. Not only in sodden New York, Chicago, St. Louis and San Francisco where money scandals are brought to light, and made to pile shame on aristocratic heads, but in the farm house and cottage, and even in the church, love of gold mars worship, poisons love, and turns the milk of human kindness into gall. Still "the love of money is a root of all evil."

GROWTH.

In a recent sermon the Rev. Ben F. Sargent of Grass Valley spoke on the subject of "Growth," taking a text from the fourth chapter of Ephesians, the 13th to the 15th verse: "Till we all come to the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of Christ, that ye be no longer children * * * but speaking the truth in love grow up into him in all things, who is the head, even Christ."

Rich Menu Suggested.

In commencing his discourse Mr. Sargent said that the richness and variety of the text suggested the menu of a first class hotel, and an attempt to consider it all would be like ordering the entire bill of fare. The best thing to do was to select from it what we most need; or, changing the figure do like the pilot on some river steamer, who brings his boat to land for a moment at some point of beauty, then again turns its prow so that in passing we may catch some splendid visions, then are off again till we at last glide into the quiet waters of the great sea.

Or changing the figure once more, here is a great organ, and Paul is the organist dealing with great octavos of power. Listen to some of these mighty strains: "Speaking the truth in love," "The unity of the faith," "The knowledge of the Son of God," "Full grown men," "The measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." Growing up into him in all things," "Into Christ who is our head." Though these may seem like disconnected strains, yet there is as in all well-written music one dominant thought, one motif with which it begins and ends and to which it continually returns, and which it is continually striving to utter, so here the dominant thought of Paul is growth.

Listen: Grow, grow up in him, grow to become like him, leave your childish conceptions of Christ, and prayer and service where you left your baby shoes and dresses, as no more fitting, grow till you have attained the statute of full grown men, yea men, the measure of the stature of Christ, and not only the size but the quality of Christ, true to the name you bear.

Not a Palace Train.

To this end he says Christ, when he ascended, opened the "gate of gifts" and gave to some prophets to some apostles, to others evangelists and to others teachers, all recognized offices in the church of Christ, which has a double mission—first to evangelize from the world into the church, and then to build up more Christ-like character within the church. To those within the church I now speak. The church then is not a place for the full grown Christian, but is a place to grow in. I would like to stamp as "underweight," that view of the church that it is a palace car, diner and sleeper attached, and that having gotten a blood-red ticket all we have to do is to show it to the conductor and he and the man in the engine will do all the rest. Such a view I say is a false view of the church. At our State university there is both a museum and a botanical garden. Which represents the church? The museum of dead and dried things, on shelves, labels properly attached? I say no! The garden represents the church for it is a place to grow in. Every stage of growth is beautiful when appropriate to the age it represents. A child of six should weigh sixty pounds, and be beautiful, but if a man of fifty weighs but sixty pounds we say, what a pity! A child of three prattles and we say, "how cute he is," but if a woman of thirty prattles we say, "how silly." A little child is taught that beautiful and appropriate child's prayer:

"Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

But if at fifty he is still praying that same prayer of "I" and "my soul" to keep, we say again, "what a pity!" It can't be much work to keep that man's soul, it's so small. O friends let us cease to be children, and as we have put away our childish toys and books and conceptions of other things, let us put away childish conceptions of God, of Christ, of prayer, of duty and come to the full grown manhood.

Its Characteristics.

These are first, largeness of vision, of knowledge, of aspirations. A man's life is a life of broad views, of great conceptions and plans equal to bring them to pass. Then comes the putting of them into execution by putting one's self into them. A second characteristic of manhood is strength. In childhood we have things done for us and are carried over rough places. In manhood we do things for others and our strength is not for ourselves but for them. We learn this lesson from Christ and can rightly claim we are true to him when we put the principle into application and give our lives for others as Christ gave his life for us.

The Means of Growth.

The sermon closed by outlining the means of growth which was declared to be first food appropriate to the nature fed. Spiritual natures are to feed on Christ and his word. Then comes the need of air, as every living and growing thing must breathe. Prayer is the Christian's vital breath. Finally exercise, or Christian service, is essential to harmonious growth and continued well being. In service we shall grow like him whom we serve.

MORE SALOONS CLOSED IN CALIFORNIA.

A. C. Bane.

On November 5th the voters of Central and Northern California closed by their ballots all the saloons in 85 towns, 32 supervisoral districts voted dry as follows: 5 districts in Colusa County, 5 in Butte, 5 in Merced, 5 in Lake, 3 in Monterey, 3 in Santa Cruz, 2 in Madera, 1 in Sutter, 1 in San Joaquin, 1 in Calaveras, 1 in Mariposa, Oroville, an incorporated city and the county-seat of Butte County voted dry. Sonoma adopted an anti-roadhouse ordinance by 1195 majority which will close 108 roadhouses in that county. Altogether about 300 saloons were closed by ballot on November 5th.

Since our local option law went into effect, seventeen months ago, the people have closed the saloons in 78 supervisoral districts which is equal to the territory of 15½ counties, besides 14 incorporated cities have voted out their saloons, making a total of about 818 saloons closed in Central and Northern California by ballot in the past 17 months. Two years ago we had but 200 dry towns in all California, today we have about 675.

There are no saloons in any city of Tulare, Inyo, Lake, or Merced counties, and in the following counties are found only in the number of incorporated cities named as follows: Kings County, 1 city; Stanislaus, 1; Sutter, 1; Yolo, 1; Modoc, 1; Santa Cruz, 1; Tehama, 1; Colusa, 1; Fresno, 2; Butte, 2; Monterey, 3; Santa Clara, 4; Humboldt, 5; and Sonoma, 6. We have ten county seats in Central and Northern California without saloons, namely Visalia, Independence, Lakeport, Merced, Modesto, Hanford, Woodland, Oroville, Red Bluff and Mariposa.

This report should not only fill the Christian people with thanksgiving, but with inspiration to press forward and complete the work. We evidently have the saloon on the run. Let us unite our forces and continue the crusade until every saloon in our great state has been closed by law.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA

Oakland, Pilgrim.—Fifteen persons were welcomed to membership last Sunday.

Los Angeles, 61st St..—Rev. T. C. Peterson, lately of Stockton, Kansas, has been called to this pulpit.

Oakland, Plymouth.—Nineteen persons came into membership of the church last Sunday, five uniting on confession of faith.

Oakland, First.—The Chinese boys in the Chinese Mission have spent considerable money in way of improvements on the Mission property.

Los Angeles, West End.—The evening service of Dec. 1 was addressed by Prof. M. G. Frampton of Pomona College on "St. Francis; A Medieval Social Worker." The address made a very deep impression.

Loleta.—An entertainment and bazaar was given by the Ladies' Aid Society of the church at Loleta, the receipts of which were $114. The pastor, J. R. Shoemaker, and wife are highly gratified over the interest shown by the entire community.

Oakland, First.—Three persons entered into the fellowship of the church last Sunday, one by profession of faith.

Pacific Grove.—Six persons were received to membership in Mayflower Church last Sunday, among them the Rev. Burton M. Palmer, the new pastor, and his wife. Two infants received baptismal consecration.

Claremont.—Mr. Philip S. Bird has been called as assistant pastor of this church, in succession to Rev. George Irving, who recently went east to assume the editorship of a new religious magazine. Mr. Bird is a graduate of Pomona in the class of 1909, and will complete his theological training at Union Seminary in the spring, after which he will take up his work at Claremont.

Oakland, Olivet.—The Sunday-school has had a steady increase in attendance the last three months. The enrollment is 150 now. Mr. Gould, the pastor, aims to make his Sunday evening sermons come in close relation to the things of the daily life. For December he has announced the following topics: The Joy of Great Tasks, Things We All Believe, What is Religion For? Modern Ghosts, Our New Year Vows.

Grass Valley.—Mr. Y. Ellingwood Jay is holding a series of meetings this week with our Grass Valley church upon the subject of Scientific Eugenics, having for themes, The Child in the Home, The Boy Problem as we face it, etc. The meetings are being largely attendd and full of interest. The pastor writes us to raise the membership of their Intermediate society from 15 to 55, claiming that as far as heard from it is the largest Intermediate society in Northern California.

Los Angeles, First.—At the morning service of December 1 this church had the great privilege of listening to a sermon from Dr. Washington Gladden on the subject, "A New Heart for the Nation," from Ezekiel 18:31. If that sermon could be preached in every church in the country there would be an improvement in the general industrial conditions. At the twilight communion service at four o'clock forty-one were added to the membership of this church. The study for the mid-week service is Genesis, chapters 1 and 2—Story of Creation. Subject, "Man and His Creator." These studies will be continued every other Wednesday night for four meetings, covering the period from the Creation to the Flood.

Pasadena, First.—Usually it is the minister who pronounces the benediction on the people, but last Sunday the order was reversed in our Bible School, and in loving recognition of the third anniversary of Dr. Fox's coming, the school closed with a hearty benediction upon the pastor, repeating together: "The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make his face shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee. The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee and give thee peace." The school had responded royally to the suggestion that they raise half of the proposed special anniversary gift of $1,000 for home missions from First Church. Self-denial boxes had been furnished and when these were opened it was found that more than $500 had been given. The church service was also one of unusual blessing. Fifteen people were received into membership, two of them on confession, and the offering received at this service increased the special gift for home missions to more than $1325.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. Dr. Pond has taken residence in San Francisco again, and his address is 571 Elizabeth Street.

The Rev. Henry Atkinson, secretary of the Congregational Brotherhood, will be in California the latter part of this month and will make several addresses.

The Pacific is in receipt of an article written by the Rev. N. C. Gause in reply to the address by Mr. I. H. Morse

at the conference at Pacific Grove, and published recently in The Pacific. It will be given place in The Pacific next week.

Next Monday at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity there will be an address by the Rev. Percy Hall on work on Raratonga and other South Sea islands. Mr. Hall is a missionary under the London Missionary Society and is returning to his field.

Olivet Congregational Church, Oakland, issues a monthly bulletin. In it as elsewhere and almost everywhere at the present time we notice how work for the young is being pushed to the front. For instance on the first page of this bulletin we notice the following order of announcement:

"A Church where little children may early learn the truths of life:
Where youth may catch the gleam of noble ideals:
Where strong men may gain inspiration for life's great tasks:
Where the old and weary may find rest and comfort:
Where all may worship our Heavenly Father in the spirit of trust and reverence."

BAY ASSOCIATION.

The 72d meeting of the Bay Association of Congregational Churches and Ministers will be held in Plymouth Church, Oakland, on Tuesday the 10th of December.

The theme for the day will be "The Church as a Public Servant."

Soon after the opening at 2 p. m. there will be two brief addresses on "Our Reunited Association," by Rev. C. L. Mears of Alameda and Mr. I. H. Morse of San Francisco.

Later, the Rev. E. L. Parsons, of St. Mark's Church, Berkeley, will speak on "The Religious Situation in the Bay Cities." This will be followed by discussion.

At 3:30 there will be a discussion on "How May the Young People's Society Render Genuine and Efficient Service?" This will be opened by the Revs. S. C. Patterson of North Berkeley and H. A. Jump of Oakland.

At 4:30 the subject for consideration will be, "What Are the Standards of Efficient Service on the Part of the Sunday-school?" The consideration and discussion of this question will be opened by the Revs. J. B. Orr and R. F. Carter of Oakland.

An evening session will follow supper served by Plymouth Church. In the evening there will be first a half hous of music by the Plymouth choir under the direction of Mr. Alexander Stewart.

Then the Rev. W. W. Willard of San Jose will speak on "The Message of Pragmatism to the Twentieth Century," and the Rev. E. A. Roys of Oakland on "The Golden Present of the Christian Church."

A NEW HISTORICAL NOVEL.

You plunge into action and the atmosphere of mystery in the very first pages of The Green Devil, by Arthur Metcalf (Pilgrim Press. $1.20 net), and the interest holds with quickly changing scenery and a procession of events till the close. It is historical fiction—that is, the atmosphere of it is true to history, but not in the dry and slavish way characteristic of the average historical novel. The story centers about Thornton Abbey, in the days of Wyclif.

He tells of the time when monkish tenets were being disputed, and the common people were banding together in preparation for the insurrection commonly known as Wat Tyler's. At such times, when foundation stones of Church and State are loosened, new and terrible powers of evil seem to flourish. Such was the mysterious marauder called, from his costume, The Green Devil. There is plenty of excitement connected with his career, bound up as it was with a stolen and restolen will, secret dungeons and a clever witch who appeals to the sympathies amazingly.

But while the story proceeds with accelerating interest, there is much more that is worthy to be noted. A pretty and unusual love tale, for instance, with its two finely drawn men, the hero, a young French architect, and his rival, a monk. The environment is depicted in masterly style. The author knows how to put the spirit of Chaucer and also of Piers Plowman into his setting. Conversations are so apt to prove a pitfall for historiacl novelists that it is pleasant to find these presenting the illusion of belonging to another age without being awkwardly archaic. Not least is the psychological interest which rises to its height in the renunciation of a forbidden love and once more in the trial scene when the arch-villain tries to eat the holy wafer.

PASTOR'S THANKSGIVING GREETING.

The Rev. Edward A. Harris of Hood River, Oregon, sent out to his people a Thanksgiving card containing the following verses:

"Cheer up, Dear Heart,
Give thanks with us
For health and wealth;
For homes and friends;
For books and cooks
And all things good.

"Rejoice in all that God makes clear,
And that you are His child most dear.

"Rejoice that you can bear and do
For those you love and who love you.

"Rejoice! Our God is hopeful still,
And you can conquer—if you will."

The Home.

DO YOU GET ON YOUR CHILDREN'S NERVES?

Mothers Should Train Themselves Daily To Have a Quieting Effect on Their Young.

The children wear on me so!"

Dear madam, dear madam, did you ever think that it might be put quite the other way round, and the children could justly say—if they knew enough—"My mother wears on me so!"

To be sure, the children are often healthy little creatures with nerves that have not been exposed to the roughness of this world long enough to feel the wear as their mothers whose nerves are "worn upon" by the children, the chil-

dren are often and often kept in a state of irritation which is quite unnecessary, and would be impossible if the worn nerves of the mother did not lay up so much against them.

The poor mother, and the poor children! The mother loves the children and the children love the mother. The whole trouble seems to be a lack of understanding—a lack of intelligence—with the mother.

A little child comes into the world with any amount of naughty tendencies which it inherits from the father and from the mother—from the grandfather and from the grandmother—from many grandfathers and from many grandmothers. If one part of the child's mind, the observing part, were mature and developed, how surprised it would be at the first impulse to be naughty, to be demanding, to be fretful and disobedient. There is no comfort in any form of naughtiness, really—not even in stealing jam. In stealing jam there is a little temporary pleasure from the sweet taste, but the fear of being found out is most uncomfortable.

Half the time—nine-tenths of the time—a child does not understand his own naughty impulse; often does not even understand that what he does is wrong until he has been told of it, and quite as often he is very much surprised when he is scolded.

A child is naughty from impulses, from suggestions which arise within himself—a quiet, decided, unruffled counter-suggestion from his mother will raise just enough of the right kind of action in his brain to wake up his inhibiting power toward this one especial form of naughtiness. Then if the temptation from within comes again and the inhibiting power has not yet gained its full strength so that the temptation is too much for it another quiet counter-suggestion will add to the right kind of strength, and the mother will appreciate that the child really wants to do right, but does not know how—does not know how to deal with one naughty impulse after another that comes on him at all unexpected times and seasons.

If you had a friend who was blind and had not learned to walk without guidance would you still sit still and look at him, and every time he ran into a chair or a table, or tipped something over that he could not possibly know was there, would you get indignant and tell him he ought to be ashamed of himself, and that any one who could be as careless as that ought to be punished?

If you were teaching any one a game, a game that was difficult and complicated, of which they had never heard, and therefore could not possibly know the rudiments or the rules—would you become irritated over and over because he failed to obey rules of which he was entirely ignorant, and if the game were difficult, would you not know that the rules of the game would have to be repeated many times before your friend could become an expert.

Are we not apt to forget that children are embryo men and women and that they not only come into the world without knowing any of the rules of the game, but that they are quite dependent upon their parents and guardians to teach them? How many times do we grown-ups have to be reminded of the same fault before we can conquer it? Is it at all surprising that the children should need steady and constant reminding?

If in dealing with difficult temperaments we refuse to pit our wills against the wills of the others—if we argue or discuss quietly without combating or without impatience, we can meet the wrong suggestion in the others' minds with a counter right suggestion, and in the end the right suggestion is sure to win.

As nature invariably tends toward health, so the general mental atmosphere tends toward upright honest common sense. And a child, with all his inherited tendencies to be naughty, has by far the happiest time when he is good. There is only one part of him that seems to like to be naughty, and that part only likes it because he is pushed to it; and yet in so many cases the mother behaves as if he were a mature, well-calculating reprobate. Why? First, because she does not think, and she never understood that he child is not accountable for his naughtiness unless he has been taught better; taught over and over so many times that the counter-suggestion is firmly planted and has taken effect. Secondly, because the mother allows herself to become irritated at the child's temptations, and in that irritation holds the child accountable as if he were a mature man.

It seems perhaps hardly fair to say that every time her child is naughty it is the mother's fault. But one can quite truthfully say it is the mother's fault if she—in her own mind—holds the child accountable. Every time the child is naughty, it gives the mother an oportunity to quietly and decidedly impress upon his mind the right counter-suggestion.

If a mother grew interested in using her opportunities to the best of her ability she would soon establish with her child a happy comradeship that would bring fresh life to both mother and child. For, after all, in such a case, would not a mother be teaching her children simply what she herself had to learn to obey, and is not the obedience to the laws as they are taught by the mother and father the child's start toward reaching a free and independent obedience to the great laws himself?

When a mother feels that her children wear on her nerves it is because she lets her nerves get irritated by the wrong suggestions that come within the children; this again, of course, roused the resentment of the children, and thus an atmosphere was created which was that of chronic irritation between mother and child, and although at times when the child is "good," and the mother comfortable, this irritating atmosphere is quiescent, it is nevertheless always there and always inflammable, and interferes entirely with a happy mutual understanding. And, worse than that, it keeps the child's brain irritated.

Many a mother who looks upon herself and is looked upon by others as a really good woman, and who believes with all her heart that she loves children, would be shocked to discover the permanent harm she is doing to her children's brains and nervous systems while under the impression that she is giving them the discipline they need and deserve.

It seems hard to say to a poor mother, with a pale face and a worn-out expression, caused by the care of her "difficult" children. "Madam, the strain you are feeling is all your own fault."

Indeed, it would be worse than useless to say it, for the mother from her very fatigue would be so excited by resentment and grief that any one should consider her life of suffering devotion to her family as "all her own fault" that

her feelings would raise a storm which would make it impossible for her to see that you were right.

But if some such tired mother should come across these words and with no one to accuse her should wonder if perhaps that were not the truth about her, that the children's increasing naughtiness and her own danger of nervous collapse were really her own fault, and if she should wonder and in her wondering ask me why, I should say:

"First, dear lady, you condemn the children for their naughtiness, and you feel the strain of your condemnation, when really you might as well condemn your three-year-older because he cannot do an example in long division. Your children are given you to be taught to use their power of distinguishing and their power of choosing—and each bit of naughtiness should be to you an opportunity, an interesting opportunity, to teach them the same thing over and over before they know it, and be quiet and patient about it as a matter of course."

It really seems as if the devil played the selfishness of mothers and children against one another to a fearful extent. The child is naughty, the mother condemns: that makes the child more naughty, and rouses the strain of more condemnation in the mother. And there they are, at continuous war, either active or silent, from one day's end to the other, and neither one knows what is the matter.

The one strong point to remember is, as I have said before, that the mother needs to know what she must first have done in principle herself; the child then realizes that the mother is only helping him to obeylaws that she is obliged and loves to obey herself, and that at once establishes a camaraderie which removes the strain and makes a happy mother with a happy child.—Anna Payson Call.

For The Children.

CRABAPPLE PICKLES.

Marie had been to school just three days. Perhaps that was why she ran home so fast at noon. She bounded into the kitchen expecting to find her mother there.

Not a sound in the house. No fire in the stove. No mother. Marie ran into the dining room and peered at the table. A bunch of daisies nodded at her. Not a bite to eat, and she was so hungry.

Marie had a quick temper. Some way before she knew what was happening she was very angry. What could mother mean by going and never telling her a word about it? Then the naughty little tempter whispered:

"You may get anything that you want, as your mother did not leave a lunch for you." Marie knew very well what she wanted. She loved crabapple sweet pickles as well as most children loved candy, and she also knew where they were. They were in the fruit closet in the cellar. Almost as quickly as I can tell you about it, she had a chair pushed up before the tempting row of fruit. By reaching as high as she could she managed to get a small jar. How delicious they did look. The top gave a little trouble, but it was soon off and Marie began taking generous bites of the little brown apples. For once she intended to have as many as she wanted.

Then she remembered the cake box. In a very short time the little girl, who had not even taken time to lay aside her hat, had eaten a big slice of cake. She began to feel a bit guilty as her appetite began to be satisfied. The pickles went away back in a far corner on their shelf.

The grocer had left a sack of prunes on the kitchen table. She was soon nibbling at them. The seeds were carefully thrown in the coal bucket.

A loud knock at the door startled her terribly. She was too unnerved to move. In a minute the door was opened impatiently and her young cousin Harold thrust his head into the opening.

"Marie, Marie" he called.

"What do you want," she asked as coolly as she could.

"Your mother and father are to be down at our house for lunch. Come along. Mother is waiting for you." Harold shut the door and was gone before Marie could reply.

Marie felt madder than ever, and at first refused to go, but the memory of her Aunt Anna's nice lunches were too much for her to withstand. She deliberately traveled the two blocks to her aunt's home. When she arrived they all greeted her nicely, but Marie still nursed an ugly little feeling in her heart.

Her mother took off her hat.

"Why didn't you tell me that you would not be at home, mamma?" crossly asked Marie.

"My dear," returned her mother, 'I did not know it myself when you left home. Aunt Anna suddenly decided to surprise uncle and she surprised some of the rest of us, too."

Lunch was announced, and soon the jolly guests were having a good time, all but Marie. Her stomach had commenced to hurt. Mamma coaxed her to eat some chicken salad. She nibbled on a cheese straw.

The children had to start back to school very soon, and this made Marie crosser than ever, as she thought it very hard to go to school when the older ones could stay at home and have a good time.

Before school was out in the afternoon Marie was very hungry indeed. She wished she had eaten more at lunch. Pickles and cake did not seem to last long. When she got home and found her mother waiting on the porch for her with a nice sandwich on a pretty plate, Marie felt very grateful and paid for the kindness with a hearty kiss and hug. Mother surprised her rather suddenly by asking:

"Marie, did you eat any prunes?" The little culprit answered in a very shaky voice, "No, mamma."

That was all that was said, but now the miserable little girl wandered around more miserable than ever. When her papa came home in the evening, Marie overheard her mother say:

"There is something strange about some prunes which were left on the table. Quite a few have been taken out." Marie waited to hear her also say that the pickles had been opened, but she had probably not found them yet.

"When I questioned Marie, she said she had not taken them, and I have always found that Marie generally sticks pretty closely to the truth."

Oh, dear, dear, that was more than any little girl could stand after such a miserable day. The tears ran down her cheeks as she ran and threw herself into her mother's arms.

"Mamma, I did eat the pickles, and prunes, too," she wailed, "and I am so sorry." Mamma let her have her little cry, then she found out all of the story.

Mamma forgave her and promised to believe her just the same in the future as she had in the past, while Marie promised she would not allow herself to be so easily provoked again.—Myrtle Williamson.

AN ORGAN OR PIANO NEEDED.

If some church has a piano or organ not in use, it would be greatly appreciated by the Sunday School of the Congregational Church in San Rafael.

Any correspondence on the matter may be addressed to **Mr. E. N. Prouty, San Fafael, Cal.**

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NEVER RUSHED.

The little girl who is never rushed is the girl who has learned how to make the leisure moments relieve the busy ones. A girl spending the summer at a farm-house in the mountains shut herself into her room one rainy morning, and did not appear till dinner time. Then she came down, to be received with reproaches by the yawning circle.

"Why did you run away and leave us to ourselves?" some one cried fretfully. "And what have you been doing? You look so outrageously cheerful."

"I've been writing an essay."

'What!" Half a dozen pairs of eyes were focused upon her incredulously. "Not a school essay?" some one said appealingly.

"Why, yes. When we went out on that trip to the caves last week, I thought what a nice essay the story would make written out, and this morning I did it while the thing was fresh in my mind, and I had nothing else to do. Somehow the school essays always come at such busy times. I try to get mine out of the way in vacation."

This same girl does not wait till six weeks before Christmas to begin her Christmas gifts. All the year she has some piece of fancy work handy to take up when she has a leisure moment. And the result is that when her girl friends are neglecting their studies, and sitting up late at night to finish their gifts, all she has to do is to wrap and label a number of dainty articles which she has been a year in making. It is not strange that a girl who knows so well how to make her leisure serve her should awaken the envy of her acquaintances by never being in a rush—Girl's Companion.

THE PATH IN THE SKY.

The woods were dark and the night was black,
And only an owl could see the track;
Yet the cheery driver made his way
Through the great pine woods as if it were day.

I asked him, "How do you manage to see?
The road and the forest are one to me."
"To me as well," he replied, "and I
Can only drive by the path in the sky."

I looked above, where the treetops tall
Rose from the road like an ebon wall,
And lo! a beautiful starry lane
Wound as the road wound and made it plain.
And since, when the path of my life is drear
And all is blackness and doubt and fear,
When the horrors of midnight are here below
And I see not a step of the way to go,
Then, ah! then I can look on high,
And walk on earth by the path in the sky.

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